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The Loved Ones reunite to rock hometown

The first time I saw Dave Hause play any kind of show at all was when he opened for The Gaslight Anthem's Brian Fallon at Bowery Ballroom on a cold January night in 2010 (review here). I walked away from Hause's performance completely taken with his voice and music, particularly a song he performed called "The Odds." At that time, I was completely unfamiliar with Hause. I wasn't even aware that at that point he had not yet put out a proper full length record (much to my disappointment). Nor was I aware of his background in punk rock before that Bowery Ballroom show. But as time went on, I got to know more about Hause and, during the getting-to-know-your-new-favorite-singer process, found out about the Loved Ones. My first exposure to their name came mostly via comments from internet randoms pressuring for Loved Ones reunion shows or new records from the band. So naturally, after seeing many mentions of them and their apparent greatness, I wondered what the hype was all about.

I began to get familiar with Loved Ones fan favorites at Hause's solo shows, where he would throw in a tune into his set once in awhile. Later, I finally browsed the rest of their catalog and eventually downloaded their albums, as I took to the music pretty

quickly. Melodic Punk-Pop is pretty hard for me to dislike. But it wasn't until the final day of April that I finally understood the demand for Loved Ones live shows to return, when they played at Philadelphia venue Johnny Brenda's.

The multilevel bar/music venue seemed relatively calm when I arrived at door time, but that all changed once the band took the stage. As the band walked out to the classic oldie-but-goodie "Caldonia" (offhand I'm unsure which well known singer's recording was played that night, but you may know the song from the James Brown biopic "Get On Up"), I began to get excited, unsure what to expect. I had to been to a handful of punk shows so I had a general idea of the craziness that could possibly ensue. But, after this Johnny Brenda's gig, it turns out I had no idea what I was in for. Let's just say this was one of the extremely rare (if not the first?) times I have ever surrendered my front row spot to move to safer havens! There was a moment during the experience where I almost regretted not choosing a spot located in the high heavens of JB's balcony overlooking the stage, but then what fun is that?

As someone who is always looking out for my own safety and fiercely protective of my front row spot under normal circumstances, the funny thing was that I wasn't actually scared at this show. Yes bodies were constantly shoved back and forth as the feet of crowd surfers were flying by your head at random. Yes I was nearly pinned between the wall and a monitor loosely planted on a table in front of the stage. But it was a pit of love, not of violence. The floor level seemed to become one giant body, swaying, sweating and singing along to the highly energetic melodic punk rock. I realized at

past shows where pits were involved, the moshers come off as a bunch of separatists who formed pits seemingly to work out their own personal issues, not caring about any one around them. But not here. It was like everyone was on the same page. The "Let's get as crazy as possible but as a community" page. There was only one real mishap, when the crowd parted in confusion after a somewhat thoughtless (hopefully unplanned) stagediver took down Hause while he was held up by the crowd singing and the two fell together to the floor. Hause fared well, as he had the physical support of the crowd, since they had been focused on him up to that point. The stage diver fell right to the ground, but if I remember correctly, he was helped up soon after. But even with that incident, that could have gone very wrong for the both of them, the show went on.

Though I already know Hause to be a dynamic live performer whether it's with his own band performing his solo work or alone with just a guitar (sometimes accompanied by brother Tim), I realized after this show that I only have had just a taste of what he was capable of as a frontman. Connecting with everyone in the crowd has never been a problem for Hause, but playing with the Loved Ones catapults him into another level of Awesome. It was a joy to finally see the band play and you can now count me as one of the many who will go forth patiently waiting for a possible Loved Ones show to be announced again in the future.

Check out my photos from the show [here!](#)